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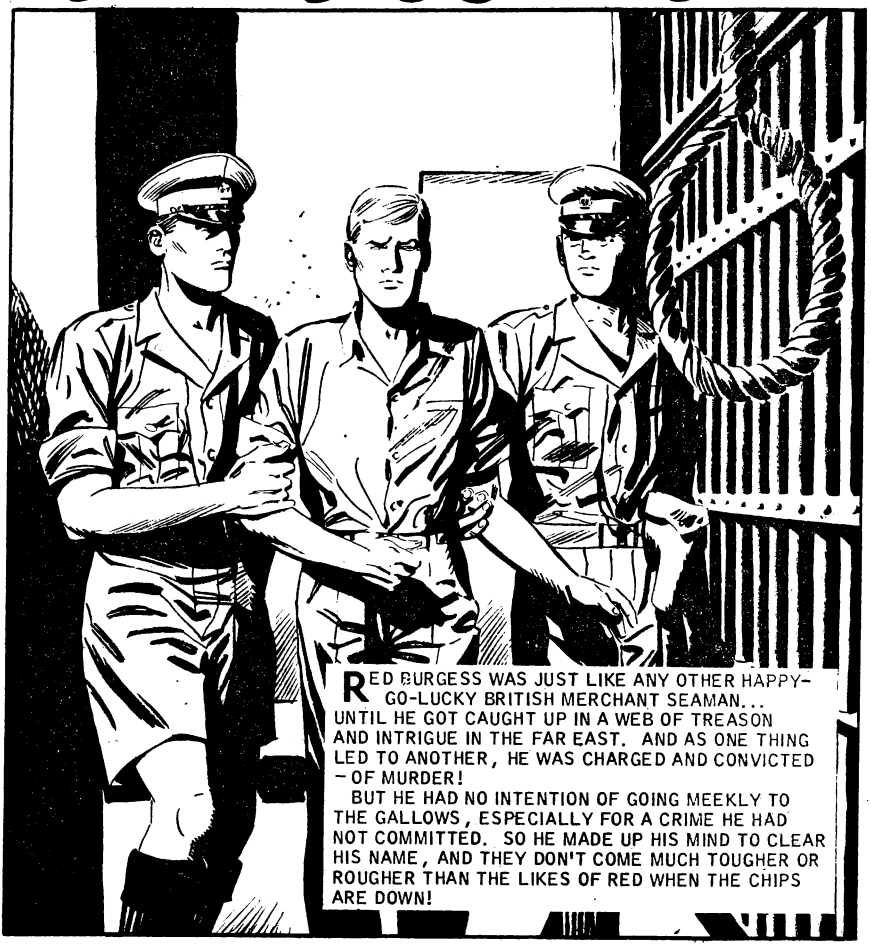
Commando

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES

TO FREEDOM!

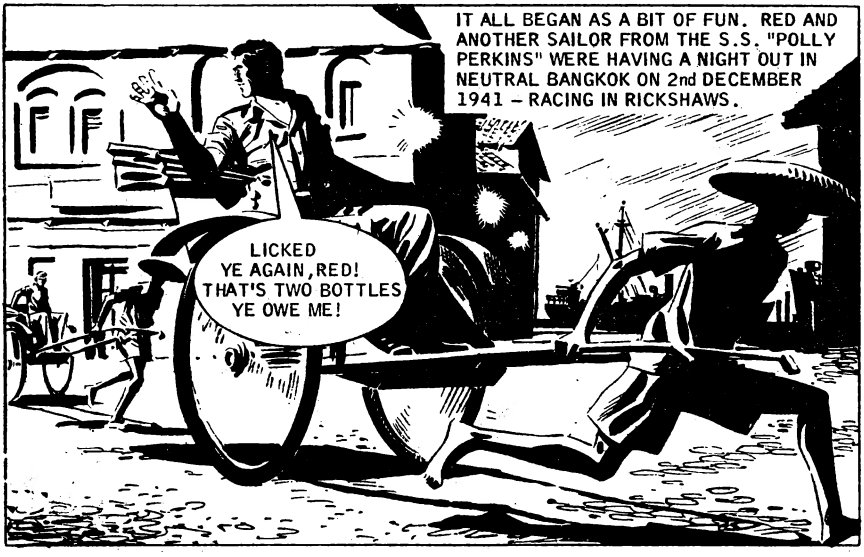
Stars of Speedway—Jim McMillan

TO FREEDOM!



RED BURGESS WAS JUST LIKE ANY OTHER HAPPY-GO-LUCKY BRITISH MERCHANT SEAMAN... UNTIL HE GOT CAUGHT UP IN A WEB OF TREASON AND INTRIGUE IN THE FAR EAST. AND AS ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER, HE WAS CHARGED AND CONVICTED — OF MURDER!

BUT HE HAD NO INTENTION OF GOING MEEKLY TO THE GALLOWS, ESPECIALLY FOR A CRIME HE HAD NOT COMMITTED. SO HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO CLEAR HIS NAME, AND THEY DON'T COME MUCH TOUGHER OR ROUGHER THAN THE LIKES OF RED WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN!


IT ALL BEGAN AS A BIT OF FUN. RED AND ANOTHER SAILOR FROM THE S.S. "POLLY PERKINS" WERE HAVING A NIGHT OUT IN NEUTRAL BANGKOK ON 2nd DECEMBER 1941 – RACING IN RICKSHAWS.
LICKED YE AGAIN, RED! THAT'S TWO BOTTLES YE OWE ME!

GINGER-HAIRED JIM "RED" BURGESS WAS A GOOD LOSER – BUT TWO BOTTLES WERE, AFTER ALL, TWO BOTTLES.
TELL YOU WHAT, PAT. I'LL PAY THE BOYS TO LET US PULL; AND I'LL RACE YOU BACK TO THE SHIP, DOUBLE OR QUITS!
YE'RE ON! AN' YE WON'T SEE ME FOR DUST!

BUT THIS TIME PAT O'DONOVAN WAS ON THE LOSING END.
BEJABERS, YE MUST HAVE SERVED YER TIME ON THESE CON-TRAPTIONS!

RED TURNED TO YELL BACK, AND SO FAILED TO SEE ANOTHER RICKSHAW SPEED FROM A SHADOW-FILLED SIDE-STREET.

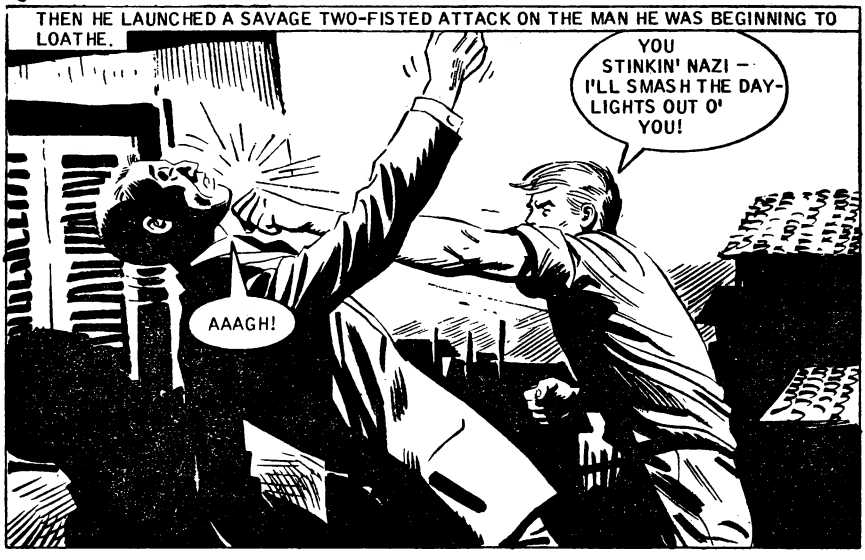
SECONDS LATER THE TWO VEHICLES COLLIDED, SPILLING THE EUROPEAN OCCUPANT OF THE SECOND RICKSHAW INTO THE DUST.

FRANZ PAUSCH, FROM THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN THE THAI CAPITAL, HAD BEEN ON HIS WAY TO AN ELEGANT PARTY. NOW HIS SMART SUIT WAS RUINED. HURRIEDLY RED TRIED TO MAKE AMENDS –
GEE, I'M SORRY, MATE. MY FAULT. LET ME DUST YOU DOWN...
TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME, ENGLISH SCHWEIN!

THE GERMAN SEEMED TO GO BERSERK, HIS DEEP HATRED OF EVERYTHING BRITISH SURGING TO THE SURFACE.
I'M ONLY TRYING – UGH!
GET AWAY FROM ME, PIG!
AH, SURE AN' THINGS IS BRIGHTENIN' UP A BIT!

THE BIG IRISHMAN SPAT ON HIS HANDS AND MOVED FORWARD, BUT RED BURGESS NEEDED NO ONE TO FIGHT HIS BATTLES.
LEAVE HIM BE, PAT. HE'S JUST A NAZI SQUAREHEAD WHO NEEDS A LESSON IN MANNERS.
AW, CRIPES – AN' I THOUGHT I'D BE ENJOYIN' MESELF!

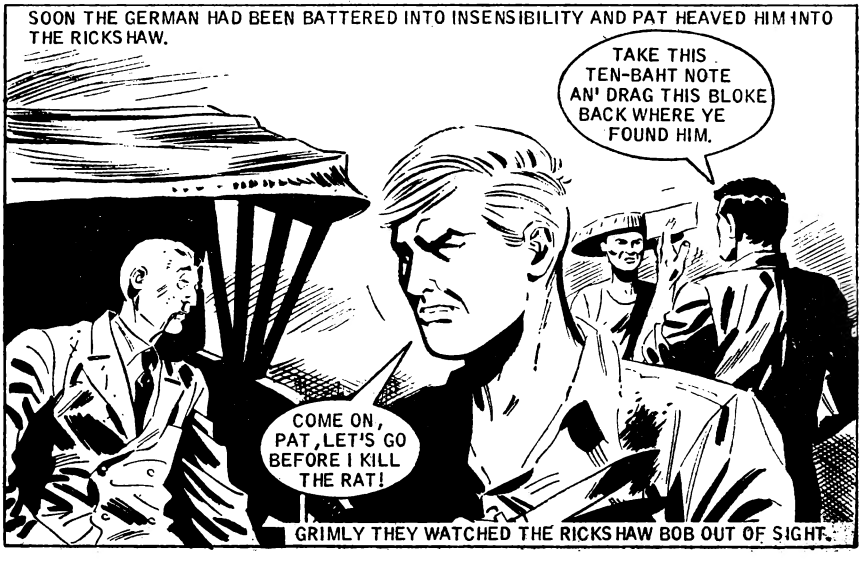
THE GERMAN PROVED TO BE NO PUSH-OVER, AND RED TOOK SEVERAL HEAVY BLOWS IN THE FIRST TWO MINUTES.
EUGH!
SOCK 'IM ONE, RED – SEE HIM OFF!


THEN HE LAUNCHED A SAVAGE TWO-FISTED ATTACK ON THE MAN HE WAS BEGINNING TO LOATHE.
YOU STINKIN' NAZI — I'LL SMASH THE DAY-LIGHTS OUT O' YOU!
AAAGH!

AS PAUSCH STRUGGLED TO RISE AGAIN, HIS HAND FOUND A HIDDEN WEAPON.
LOOK OUT, RED! THE RAT'S GOT A KNIFE!

THE KNIFE FLEW THROUGH THE AIR — TOO HIGH FOR A FATAL WOUND, BUT IT STILL HIT RED.
DIE, YOU PIG!
COME HERE, YOU!

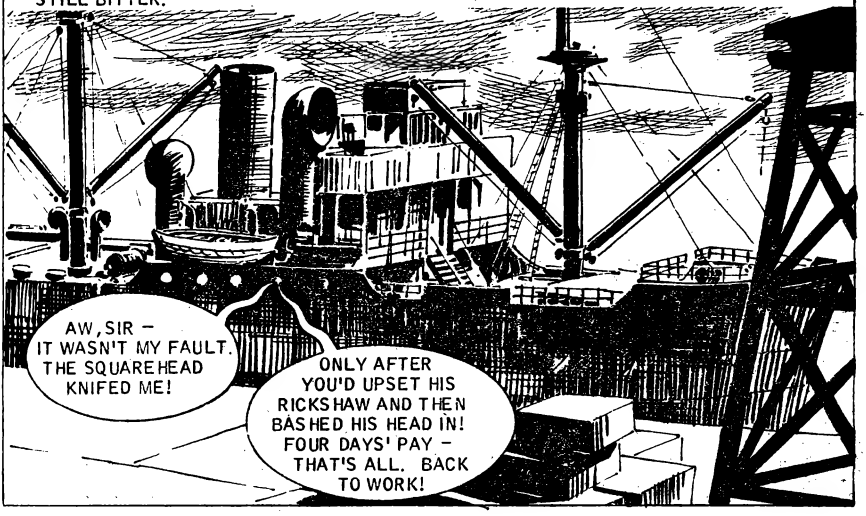
THE KNIFE HAD BURIED ITSELF DEEP IN RED'S SHOULDER, BUT HE HARDLY FELT THE PAIN AS HE CUT THE GERMAN DOWN TO SIZE.
YOU CAN'T EVEN FIGHT FAIR! AND I'M NOT DEAD YET!
AIEEE!


SOON THE GERMAN HAD BEEN BATTERED INTO INSENSIBILITY AND PAT HEAVED HIM INTO THE RICKSHAW.
TAKE THIS TEN-BAHT NOTE AN' DRAG THIS BLOKE BACK WHERE YE FOUND HIM.
COME ON, PAT, LET'S GO BEFORE I KILL THE RAT!
GRIMLY THEY WATCHED THE RICKSHAW BOB OUT OF SIGHT.

THE KNIFE CAME OUT EASILY ENOUGH AND RED NOTICED THE SWASTIKA EMBLEM ON THE HANDLE. IT WAS OBVIOUSLY A RELIC OF THE GERMAN'S DAYS IN THE HITLER YOUTH MOVEMENT.

THE NEXT DAY, BEFORE THEY SAILED FOR SINGAPORE, THE SKIPPER, CAPTAIN BILL FLYNN, HIT RED WHERE IT HURT MOST — IN THE POCKET.

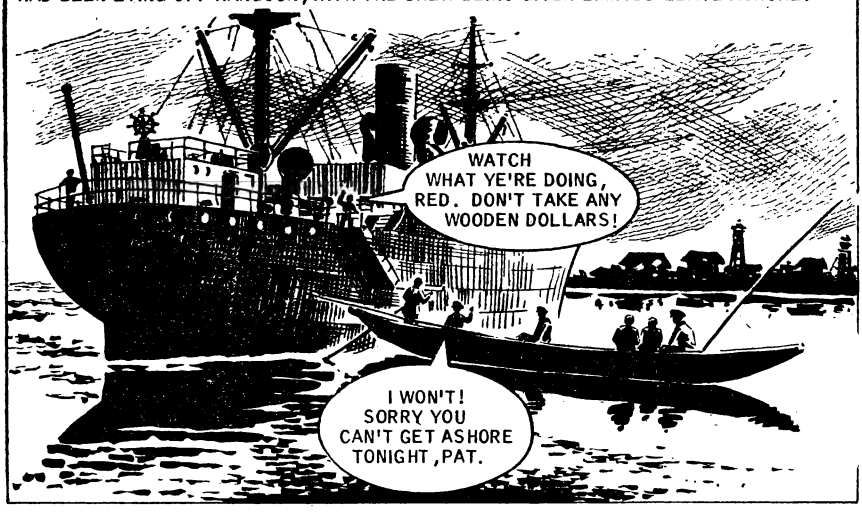
IT WAS INEVITABLE THE INCIDENT WOULD REACH THE CAPTAIN'S EARS, BUT RED WAS STILL BITTER.


AW, SIR – IT WASN'T MY FAULT. THE SQUAREHEAD KNIFED ME!
ONLY AFTER YOU'D UPSET HIS RICKSHAW AND THEN BASHED HIS HEAD IN! FOUR DAYS' PAY – THAT'S ALL. BACK TO WORK!

FOUR DAYS LATER THE JAPANESE STRUCK AT PEARL HARBOUR, OPENING HOSTILITIES WITH THE U.S.A. AND LEADING TO WAR WITH BRITAIN.

BY MID-JANUARY 1942, JAPAN HAD CONCLUDED AN ALLIANCE WITH THAILAND, AND JAP COLUMNS WERE HEADING ACROSS THE BORDER INTO BURMA.

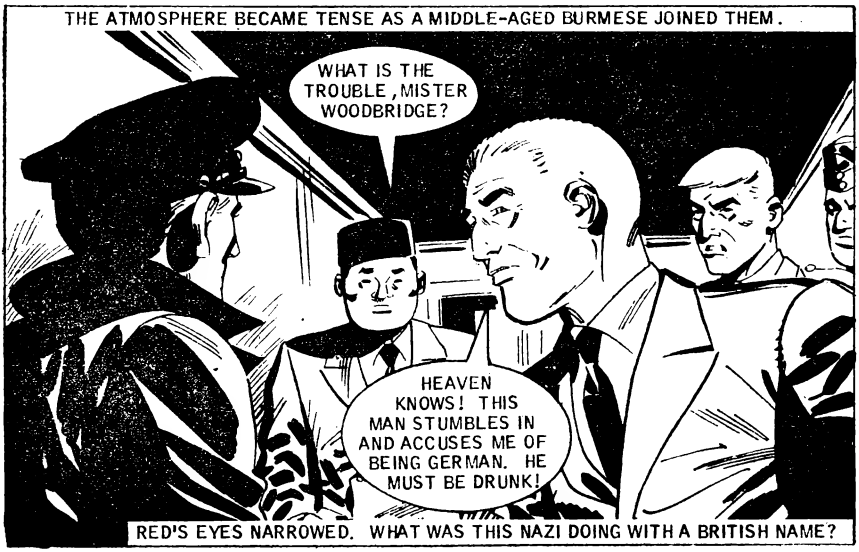
A WEEK EARLIER, THE POLLY PERKINS, WITH A PRECIOUS BUT DANGEROUS CARGO ABOARD, HAD BEEN LYING OFF RANGOON, WITH THE CREW BEING GIVEN LIMITED LEAVE ASHORE.



WITHOUT HIS PAL PAT, RED FELT A BIT BROWNED OFF.

STILL THE MAN PERSISTED –
HOW YOU KNOW NOT THIRSTY TILL YOU TRY?
LOOK, PAL...
HE LIFTED THE NUISANCE BODILY AGAINST THE WINDOW. THEN, AS HE GLANCED INSIDE, HE SAW A FAMILIAR FACE.
HEY, THAT'S THE TWO-TIMING JERRY FROM BANGKOK!
YEEOW!
AND THE JERRY SEEMED TO BE HAVING A WHALE OF A TIME WITH A BUNCH OF ALLIED SERVICEMEN.
HEY, THAT'S GOOD.
YEAH, BUT WAIT FOR IT... THERE'S MORE TO COME. SO THE GUY SAYS TO THIS AUSSIE –
YOU! STAND UP!

THE LAUGHTER RAPIDLY DIED AWAY. RED STARTED TO EXPLAIN.
THIS MAN IS A GERMAN FROM THEIR EMBASSY IN BANGKOK. WE'VE MET BEFORE. COME ON, YOU...
BLESS MY SOUL! LET ME GO!
HEY, WHAT'S THE GAME? WE KNOW THIS BLOKE!


THE ATMOSPHERE BECAME TENSE AS A MIDDLE-AGED BURMESE JOINED THEM.
WHAT IS THE TROUBLE, MISTER WOODBRIDGE?
HEAVEN KNOWS! THIS MAN STUMBLES IN AND ACCUSES ME OF BEING GERMAN. HE MUST BE DRUNK!
RED'S EYES NARROWED. WHAT WAS THIS NAZI DOING WITH A BRITISH NAME?

THE POLITE BURMESE WAS MOST CORRECT.
PARDON ME, SIR. I AM U BA SAW, AND THIS IS MY BUSINESS PARTNER, MISTER JOHN WOODBRIDGE. WE ARE IMPORTERS...

RED TOOK A DEEP BREATH –
I TELL YOU, I MET HIM IN BANGKOK...
PERHAPS. HE TRAVELS WIDELY FOR THE BUSINESS.

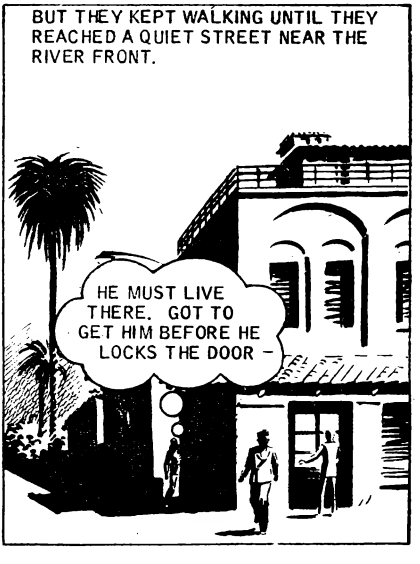
THE SERVICEMEN, AFTER AN EVENING OF FREE DRINKS FROM PAUSCH, WERE OBVIOUSLY NOT ON RED'S SIDE.
AW, SLING THIS JOKER OUT!
YEAH, BEAT IT! THIS COVE IS A PAL OF OURS – AND A GENEROUS ONE, TOO!

RED HAD CARRIED THE NAZI DAGGER WITH HIM EVER SINCE THE FIGHT. NOW HE FLUNG IT AT THE TABLE, WHERE IT STUCK, QUIVERING.

THERE WAS NO ARGUING WITH THIRSTY MEN THREATENED WITH THE DRYING-UP OF THEIR LIQUID REFRESHMENTS.

HE HIT THE DUSTY ROAD WITH A RESOUNDING THUD.
AN' GET THIS, DOPE! KEEP YER DAFT NOSE OUT OF IT FROM NOW ON! YOU'VE GOT JERRIES ON THE BRAIN!

FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS, RED KEPT HIMSELF IN THE SHADOWS NEAR THE BAR, UNTIL...
THERE THEY GO! HOPE THEY DON'T TAKE A TAXI OR ANYTHING!


BUT THEY KEPT WALKING UNTIL THEY REACHED A QUIET STREET NEAR THE RIVER FRONT.
HE MUST LIVE THERE. GOT TO GET HIM BEFORE HE LOCKS THE DOOR -

RED REACHED THE HOUSE AS THE DOOR WAS CLOSING.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, FRITZ! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TO MY SHIP. I WANT MY PAL TO HAVE A LOOK AT YOU. TWO OF US CAN'T BE WRONG!

LET ME GO, YOU DRUNKEN SOT!

AS HE PULLED THE GERMAN INTO THE STREET, THE MAN DRAGGED HIS ARM FREE – AND RAN FOR IT.

SAW – U BA SAW!

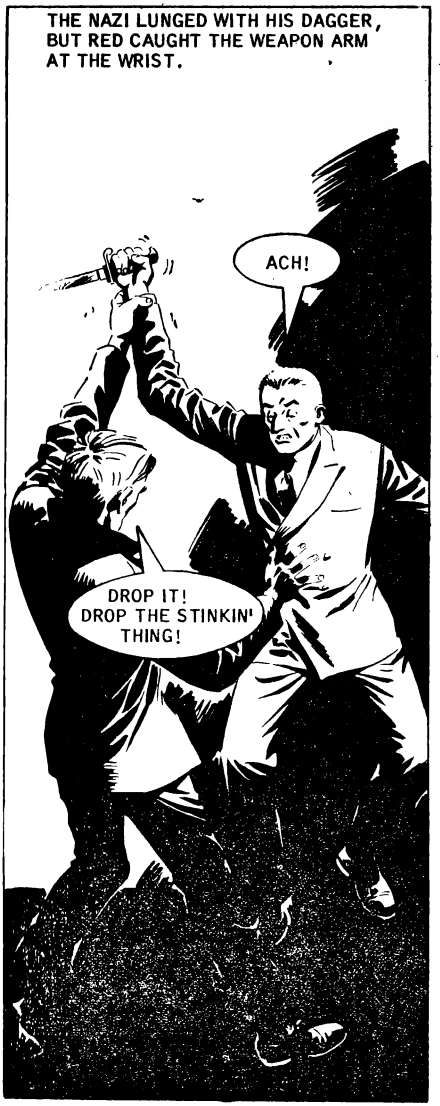
HE'LL BE NO GOOD TO YOU!

AS PAUSCH REACHED THE RIVER FRONT, RED FLUNG HIMSELF FORWARD IN A RUGBY TACKLE.
AAARGH!
GOT YOU!

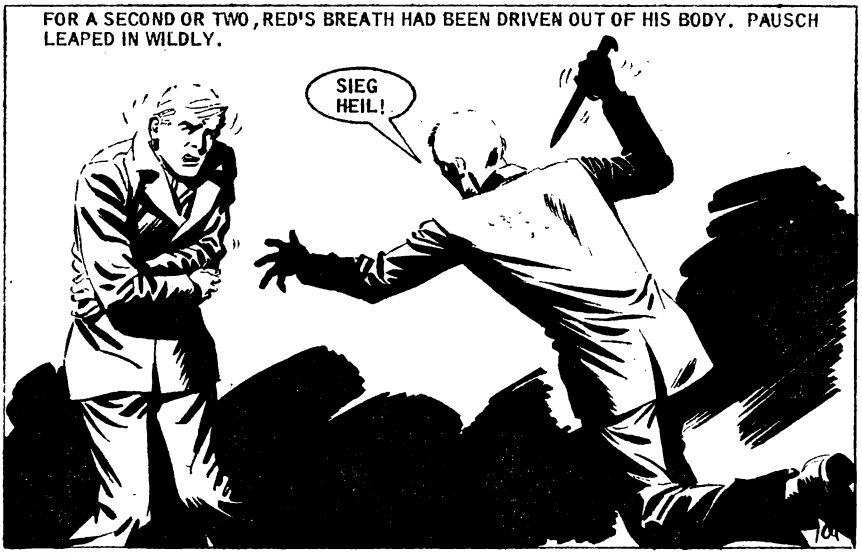
U BA SAW HAD HEARD THE GERMAN'S CALL AND WAS FOLLOWING, PUZZLED AND APPREHENSIVE.
WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
AND HE RAN BACK UP THE STREET BLOWING A POLICE WHISTLE, AN ITEM CARRIED BY ALL RESPECTABLE CITIZENS IN RANGOON.

WHILE ON THE WATERFRONT, RED AND THE GERMAN STILL STRUGGLED. SUDDENLY THE MAN REVERTED TO TYPE, LASHING OUT WITH HIS FEET.
SCHWEINHUND!
UGH!

IT GAVE THE GERMAN THE CHANCE TO GO FOR THE DAGGER HE HAD TAKEN FROM THE BAR.
THIS TIME I DO MORE THAN WOUND YOU, PIG.
BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN, EH, NAZI?

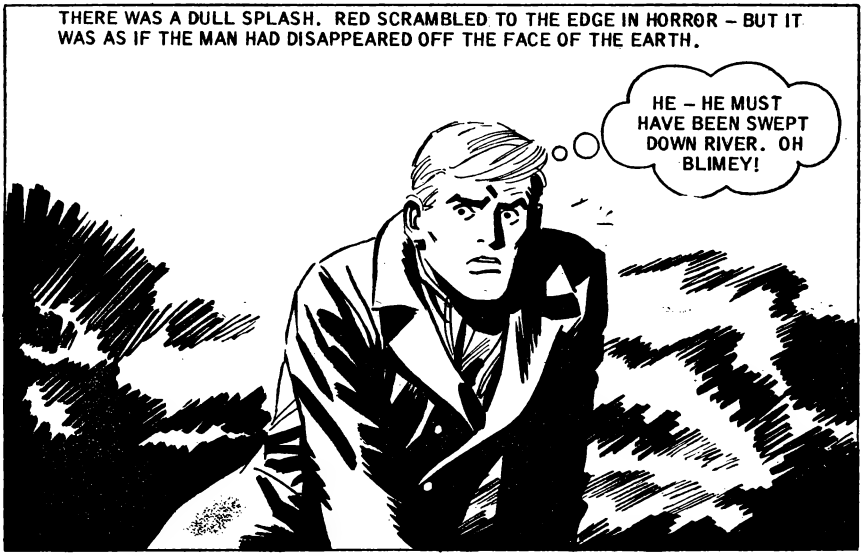

THE NAZI LUNGED WITH HIS DAGGER, BUT RED CAUGHT THE WEAPON ARM AT THE WRIST.
ACH!
DROP IT! DROP THE STINKIN' THING!

THEN THE GERMAN'S KNEE CAME UP VIOLENTLY INTO RED'S STOMACH. THE BIG SEAMAN STAGGERED BACK, WINDED AND GASPING.
EUGH!

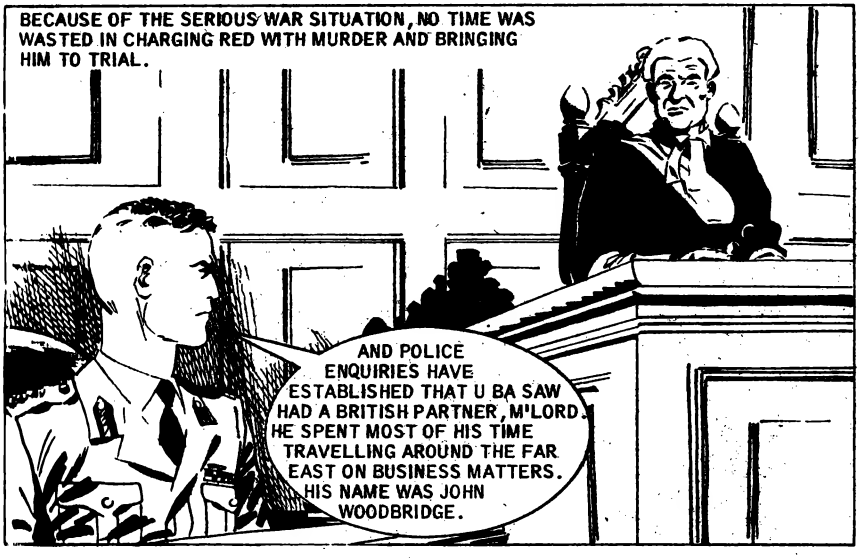

FOR A SECOND OR TWO, RED'S BREATH HAD BEEN DRIVEN OUT OF HIS BODY. PAUSCH LEAPED IN WILDLY.
SIEG HEIL!

RED REACTED INSTANTLY, DROPPING TO ONE KNEE. IN THE CONFUSION, THE DAGGER DROVE INTO FLESH - BUT IT WAS GERMAN FLESH.
AAARGH!

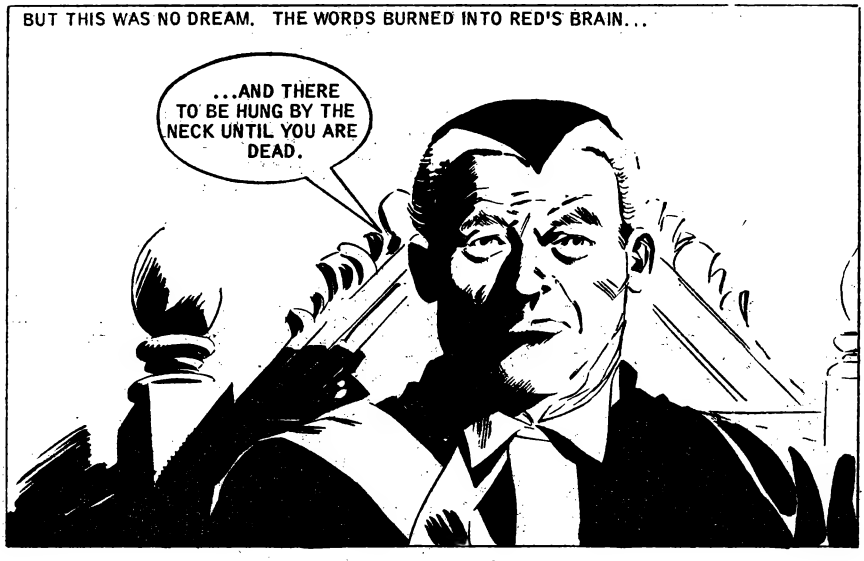
THE NAZI YANKED IT OUT OF HIS ARM, HIS FACE WHITE. RED SNORTED.
IT'S NOTHING! JUST A FLESH WOUND. NOW – YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
BUT AGAIN THE GERMAN RAN, WITH RED IN HOT PURSUIT.
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! PACK IT IN!
THIS TIME RED'S TACKLE WAS FAULTY. HIS HANDS ONLY SUCCEEDING IN TRIPPING UP THE GERMAN.
AIEEE!
SOMEHOW THE FLEEING MAN SLIPPED AND HE PLUNGED TOWARDS THE DARK RIVER BELOW.


THERE WAS A DULL SPLASH. RED SCRAMBLED TO THE EDGE IN HORROR – BUT IT WAS AS IF THE MAN HAD DISAPPEARED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH.
HE – HE MUST HAVE BEEN SWEPT DOWN RIVER. OH BLIMEY!

AS IF IN A DAZE, RED WENT BACK AND PICKED UP THE NAZI DAGGER. IT WAS THEN U BA SAW REAPPEARED – AND HE HAD OFFICIAL COMPANY.
THERE HE IS, INSPECTOR SAHIB! I SAW HIM STAB MY FRIEND WITH THAT DAGGER AND THROW THE BODY INTO THE RIVER. LOOK AT THE BLOODSTAINS LEADING TO THE WATER!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SEAMAN?


BECAUSE OF THE SERIOUS WAR SITUATION, NO TIME WAS WASTED IN CHARGING RED WITH MURDER AND BRINGING HIM TO TRIAL.
AND POLICE ENQUIRIES HAVE ESTABLISHED THAT U BA SAW HAD A BRITISH PARTNER, M'LORD. HE SPENT MOST OF HIS TIME TRAVELLING AROUND THE FAR EAST ON BUSINESS MATTERS. HIS NAME WAS JOHN WOODBRIDGE.

AT THE END OF THE SECOND DAY, THE BRITISH SEAMAN WAS FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER. SOLEMNLY, BEFORE RED'S HORRIFIED GAZE, THE JUDGE DONNED THE BLACK CAP, WHICH MEANT ONLY ONE THING – THE SENTENCE OF DEATH.
IT CAN'T BE TRUE! IT MUST BE ALL A HORRIBLE DREAM!


BUT THIS WAS NO DREAM. THE WORDS BURNED INTO RED'S BRAIN...
...AND THERE TO BE HUNG BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD.

HIS DEFENCE LAWYER HAD IMMEDIATELY LODGED A PETITION FOR MERCY, WHICH WOULD HAVE TO GO BEFORE THE GOVERNOR. AND UNTIL IT DID, RED WAS COMMITTED TO PRISON...
MERCY? IF IT COMES OFF, IT COULD MEAN FIFTEEN YEARS IN JAIL! SOME MERCY - FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T EVEN DO!

FIVE MINUTES LATER HEAD WARDER KERRIGAN, AN IRISHMAN, WAS GROWLING OUT ORDERS.

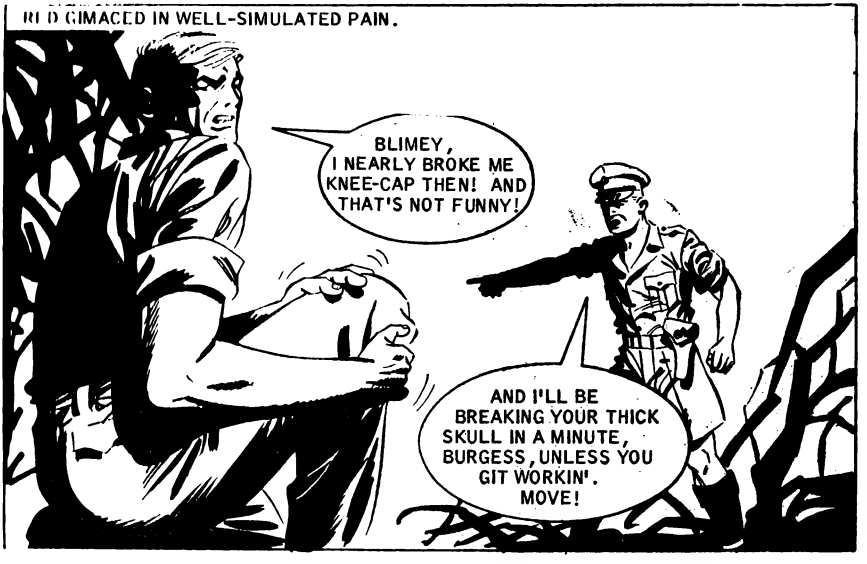
ON YER FEET! THE BLASTED JAPS ARE DRIVIN' HARD FOR RANGOON AN' WE'RE PULLING OUT O' HERE FAST, BY RAIL. TAKIN' YOUSE TOP GRADE PRISONERS UP INTO INDIA. MOVE, LAD!

THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THAT HERE WAS A VERY TOUGH AND CAPABLE PRISON OFFICER WHO'D STAND NO NONSENSE.

FIRST YE'LL BE WITH A FATIGUE PARTY. SEEMS WE CAN'T TAKE ALL THE RECORDS WITH US, SO WE'RE GOIN' TO BURY 'EM 'TILL THESE HEATHEN NIPS HAVE BEEN KICKED OUT O' BURMA AGIN. COME ON.

THE RECORD BOXES WERE LOADED INTO HASTILY COMMANDEERED TRUCKS AND TAKEN OUT TO THE EDGE OF THE AIRFIELD. WITH THEM WENT RED AND A WORKING PARTY – AND KERRIGAN.
TURN IN HERE. HEAD TOWARDS THE WOOD YONDER.
USING NATIVE PARANGS, SOME PRISONERS CLEARED THE UNDERGROWTH, WHILST OTHERS STARTED TO DIG.
DIG, YE HORRIBLE JAIL-BIRDS, DIG DEEP!

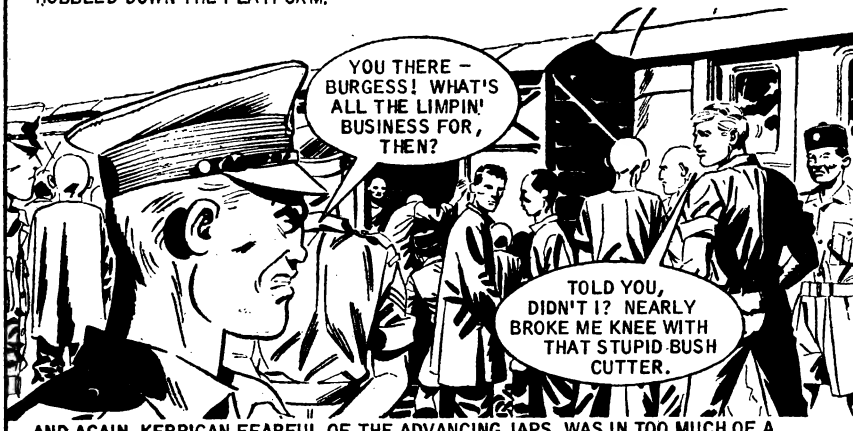
BUT RED BURGESS WAS ALREADY PLANNING AHEAD. HE CAREFULLY LET HIS PARANG SLIP –
YEE-OW!
WHAT'S UP WITH YOUSE? LET'S HAVE NO FUNNY BUSINESS –


RED GRIMACED IN WELL-SIMULATED PAIN.
BLIMEY, I NEARLY BROKE ME KNEE-CAP THEN! AND THAT'S NOT FUNNY!
AND I'LL BE BREAKING YOUR THICK SKULL IN A MINUTE, BURGESS, UNLESS YOU GIT WORKIN'. MOVE!

WHEN THE HOLE WAS BIG ENOUGH, THE RECORD BOXES WERE LOWERED INTO IT.

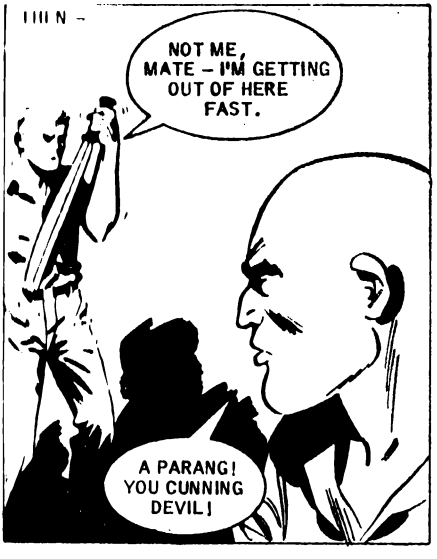
BUT KERRIGAN, FULL OF SOUND AND FURY, DIDN'T NOTICE RED SLIP A PARANG DOWN HIS TROUSER LEG. NOR DID HE COUNT THEM WHEN THE JOB WAS OVER.

THEN THE PRISONERS WERE TAKEN STRAIGHT TO A RAILWAY SIDING, WHERE THE TRAIN FOR INDIA WAS WAITING WITH STEAM UP. KEEPING ONE HAND ON THE PARANG, RED HOBBLED DOWN THE PLATFORM.


YOU THERE — BURGESS! WHAT'S ALL THE LIMPIN' BUSINESS FOR, THEN?
TOLD YOU, DIDN'T I? NEARLY BROKE ME KNEE WITH THAT STUPID BUSH CUTTER.

AND AGAIN KERRIGAN, FEARFUL OF THE ADVANCING JAPS, WAS IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY TO BOTHER ABOUT SUCH DETAILS. SO, LIMPING OR NOT, RED WAS HERDED INTO A CATTLE-TRUCK WITH THE OTHER JAILBIRDS.

JOE BRANDON, TRIPLE MURDERER, TRIED THE DOOR OF THE BOX CAR SAVAGELY.
LOCKED AN' BARRED! LIKE CATTLE, WE ARE, BEING SHIPPED TO THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE!


THEN -
NOT ME, MATE - I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE FAST.
A PARANG! YOU CUNNING DEVIL!

THE CAR WAS METAL-BUILT, WITH A WOODEN FLOOR. RED SOON WENT TO WORK.
IF WE CAN PRISE UP A COUPLE OF BOARDS, WE CAN DROP THROUGH ONTO THE TRACK...

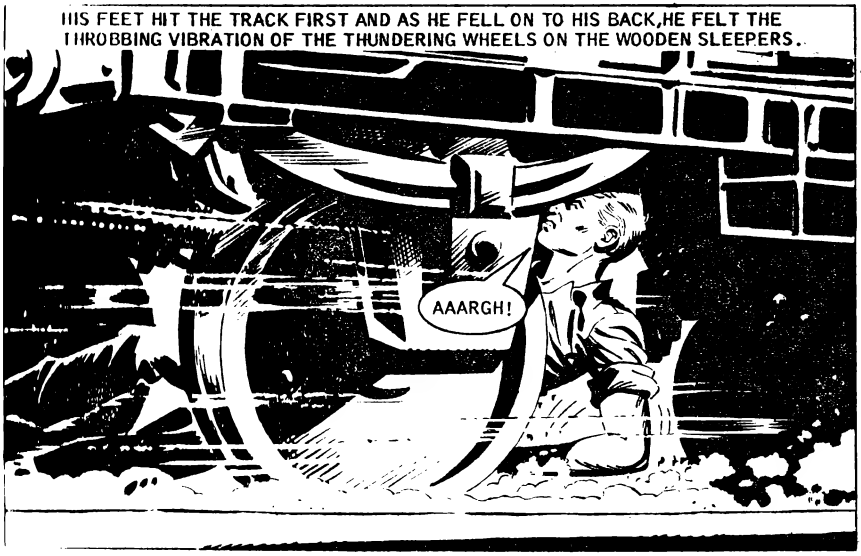
BUT BY NOW THE TRAIN HAD PICKED UP SPEED FOR ITS LONG JOURNEY NORTH. JOE WAS FAR FROM HAPPY ABOUT THEIR PROSPECTS.

DROP DOWN THERE? YOU MUST BE JOKIN', FELLER! YOU'LL BREAK YER FLAMIN' NECK OR GET YER HEAD CHOPPED OFF WITH THE WHEELS.

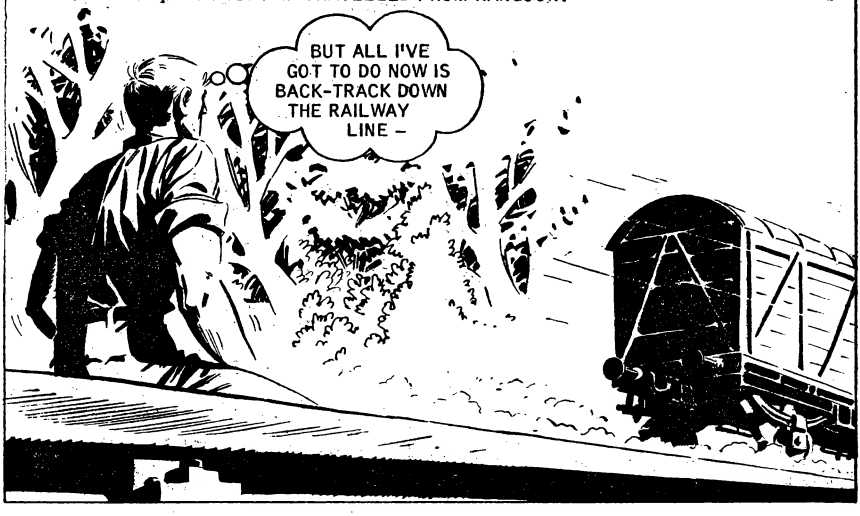
BUT RED BURGESS WAS A DESPERATE MAN.

PLEASE YOURSELF. YOU CAN WAIT TILL IT STOPS. BUT I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO RANGOON TO SORT OUT A BLOKE WHO SHOPPED ME. I'LL MAKE HIM TELL THE TRUTH, OR ELSE!

THERE WAS ALSO THE RECORD OF HIS CONVICTION BURIED IN A HOLE NEAR RANGOON AIRFIELD. THAT, TOO, HAD TO BE DESTROYED. HE WAITED NO LONGER, FOR EVERY TURN OF THE WHEELS WAS TAKING HIM FURTHER FROM VENGEANCE.
WELL, HERE I GO, MATES. ALL THE BEST...


HIS FEET HIT THE TRACK FIRST AND AS HE FELL ON TO HIS BACK, HE FELT THE THROBBING VIBRATION OF THE THUNDERING WHEELS ON THE WOODEN SLEEPERS.
AAARGH!

HE FROZE ON THE TRACK UNTIL THE REST OF THE TRAIN PASSED OVER HIM. HE HAD NO IDEA HOW FAR THEY HAD TRAVELLED FROM RANGOON.



A DAY LATER, HE WAS STILL MANY MILES FROM THE PORT. AND HE HAD TO EAT. AN IMPROVISED BOW GAVE HIM THE WEAPON HE NEEDED TO KILL SOME GAME.

BUT MEANWHILE A JAPANESE DIVISION WAS ADVANCING ON RANGOON. MORE THAN ONCE THEIR PATHS ALMOST CROSSED RED'S...

FLAMIN' NIPS. THIS IS GOING TO MAKE IT STICKY!

AND THEN, AS HE FOLLOWED THE RAILWAY, HE SAW A SIGHT THAT MADE HIS BLOOD RUN COLD.

OUR BLOKES ARE PULLING OUT... THEY'RE GOING TO LET THE JAPS WALK IN.

IT WAS TRUE ENOUGH. ON 8th MARCH, 1942, THE JAP FORCES ENTERED RANGOON, ALREADY CLEARED OF BRITISH AND INDIAN TROOPS, WHO HAD BEEN SHIFTED BACK TO INDIA BY RAIL AND ROAD.

THEY HAVE SET FIRE TO THE OIL STORAGE TANKS, BUT WE MAY SAVE SOME OF THEM. FORWARD!

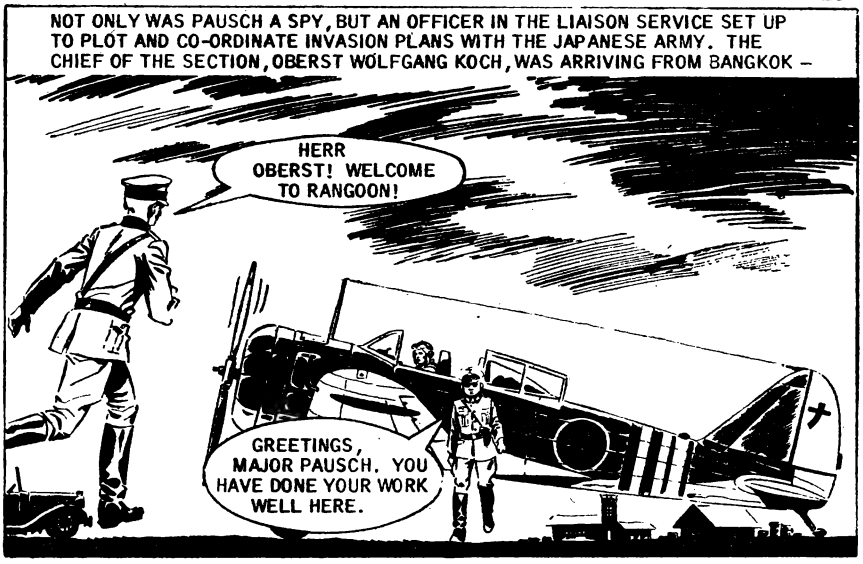
RED BURGESS, AFTER AN EXHAUSTING JOURNEY THROUGH THE JUNGLE BORDERING THE RAILWAY LINE, ARRIVED AT RANGOON AIRFIELD TWO NIGHTS LATER.

IT TOOK HOURS OF STRENUOUS DIGGING WITH THE PARANG TO REACH THE BOX HE SOUGHT.

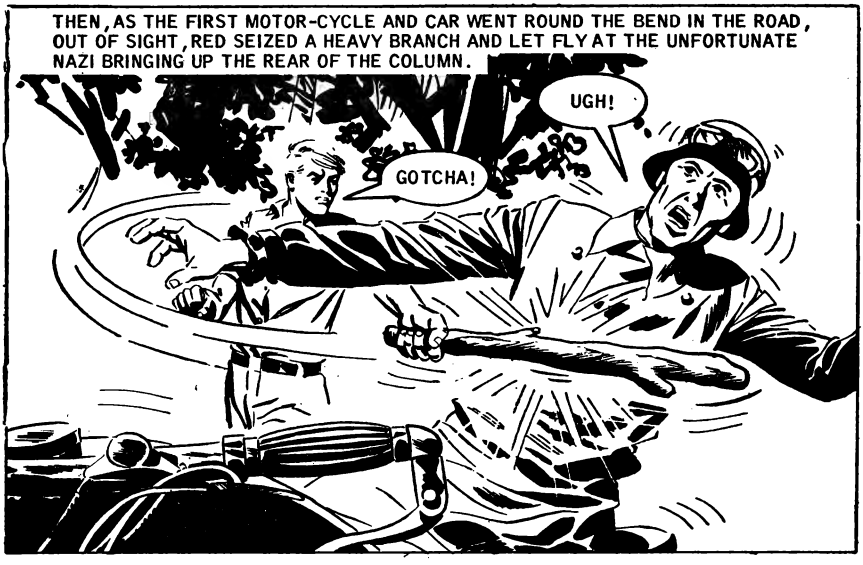
THE RECORD OF EVIDENCE, THE VERDICT AND THE SENTENCE, ALL DECLARING JAMES BURGESS TO BE A CONVICTED MURDERER WERE TORN TO SHREDS.

AS HE REACHED THE ROAD LEADING TO THE AIRFIELD, THE SOUND OF APPROACHING TRAFFIC FORCED HIM TO DIVE FOR THE UNDERGROWTH.

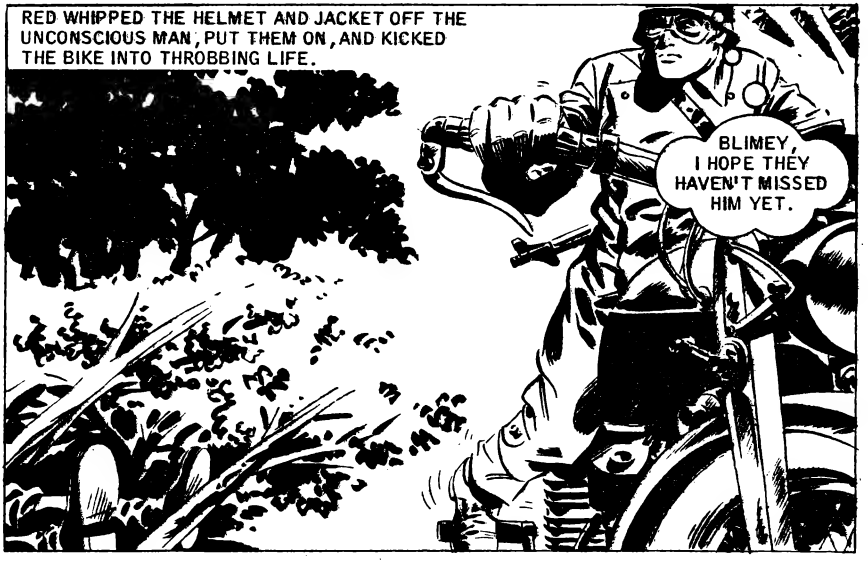
BUT THEY WERE NOT JAPS, BUT GERMANS WHO CAME UP, HEADING FOR THE AIRFIELD. AND THE ARMY MAJOR IN THE STAFF CAR HAD AN ONLY TOO FAMILIAR LOOK.
HOLY SMOKE! IT'S THAT JERRY AGAIN!
IT SEEMED MAJOR FRANZ PAUSCH HAD SURVIVED HIS FALL OFF THE WHARF AFTER ALL.
AND I'M UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH FOR MURDERING HIM? I KNEW HE WAS A GERMAN SPY!

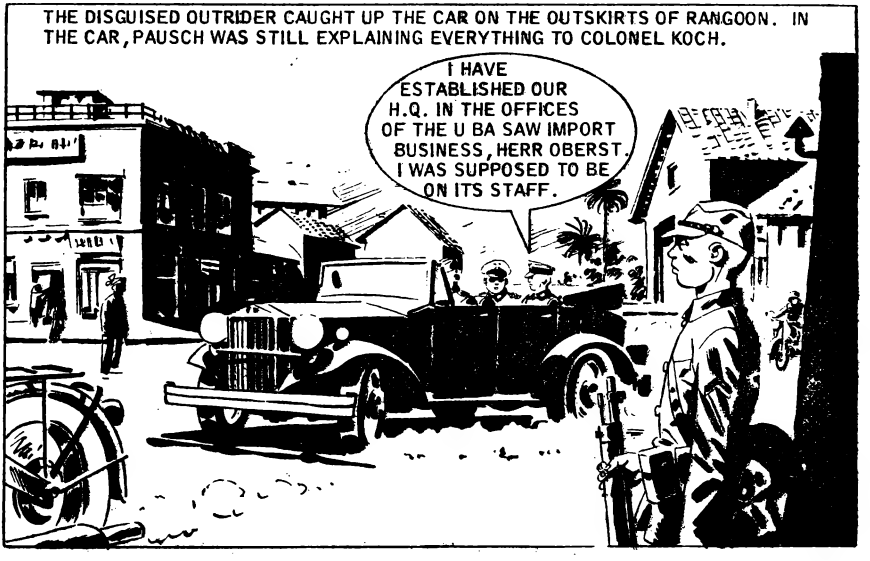

NOT ONLY WAS PAUSCH A SPY, BUT AN OFFICER IN THE LIAISON SERVICE SET UP TO PLOT AND CO-ORDINATE INVASION PLANS WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY. THE CHIEF OF THE SECTION, OBERST WOLFGANG KOCH, WAS ARRIVING FROM BANGKOK –
HERR OBERST! WELCOME TO RANGOON!
GREETINGS, MAJOR PAUSCH. YOU HAVE DONE YOUR WORK WELL HERE.

WELCOMING CEREMONIES OVER, THE GERMANS HEADED BACK TO RANGOON.
THE ENGLANDERS DID NOT EVEN STOP TO DEFEND THE PORT, HERR OBERST, BUT FLED.
YES, BUT THEY STILL LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY, LIKE THE ENGLANDERS WHO RETREATED FROM DUNKIRK. DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE THEM, PAUSCH.


THEN, AS THE FIRST MOTOR-CYCLE AND CAR WENT ROUND THE BEND IN THE ROAD, OUT OF SIGHT, RED SEIZED A HEAVY BRANCH AND LET FLY AT THE UNFORTUNATE NAZI BRINGING UP THE REAR OF THE COLUMN.
GOTCHA!
UGH!

THOUGH WINDED, THE GERMAN WAS STILL CONSCIOUS AND CAME BACK FOR MORE – WHICH HE GOT.
SORRY, CHUM, BUT I NEED THAT BIKE.
EUGH!


RED WHIPPED THE HELMET AND JACKET OFF THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN, PUT THEM ON, AND KICKED THE BIKE INTO THROBBING LIFE.
BLIMEY, I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T MISSED HIM YET.


THE DISGUISED OUTRIDER CAUGHT UP THE CAR ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF RANGOON. IN THE CAR, PAUSCH WAS STILL EXPLAINING EVERYTHING TO COLONEL KOCH.
I HAVE ESTABLISHED OUR H.Q. IN THE OFFICES OF THE U BA SAW IMPORT BUSINESS, HERR OBERST. I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ON ITS STAFF.

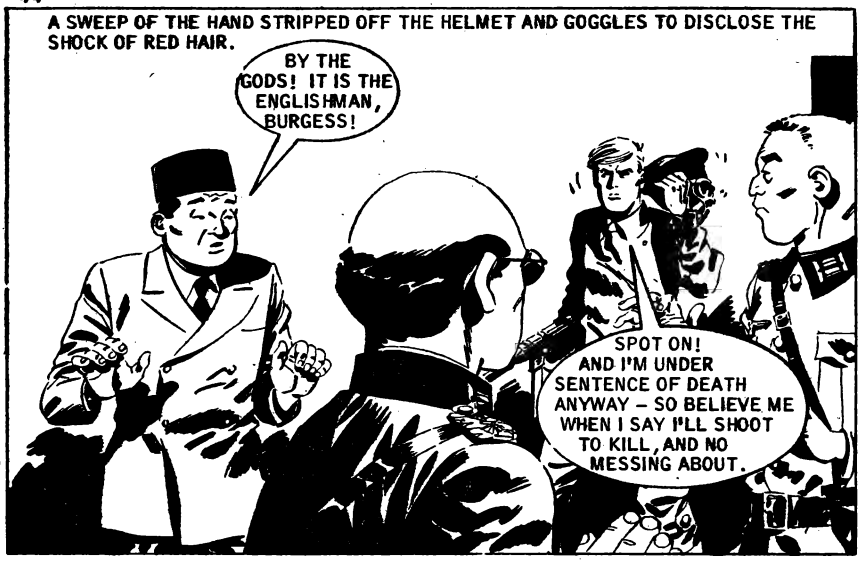
THE NOTICE SUPERIMPOSED ON THE OFFICE SAID "GERMAN ARMY LIAISON SERVICE." BUT IT DID NOT CONCEAL THE NAME OF U BA SAW – A NAME THAT RED RECOGNISED AT ONCE.

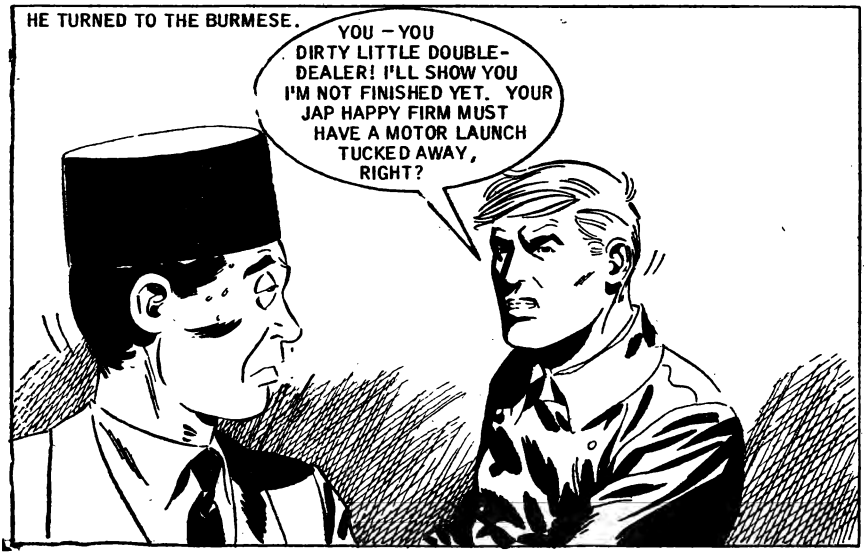
INSIDE, A MAN WHO HAD TURNED TRAITOR TO HIS OWN COUNTRY WAS WAITING. PAUSCH INTRODUCED HIM WITH A FLOURISH.

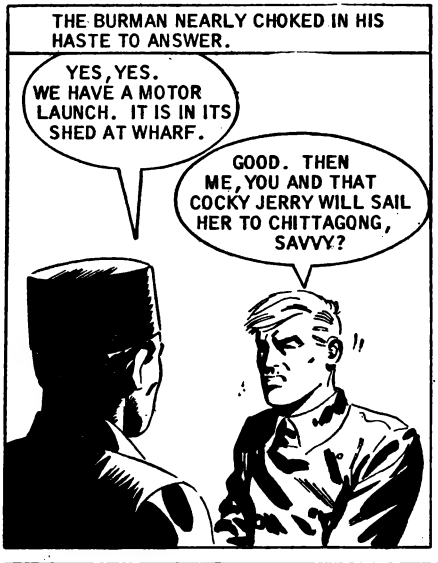
THIS IS MY FRIEND AND HELPER, U BA SAW, HERR OBERST. HE HAS BEEN OF THE GREATEST ASSISTANCE TO OUR CAUSE.
AH, YES. THE REICH IS MOST GRATEFUL TO YOU, I DO ASSURE YOU. HEIL HITLER.

DOWN BELOW, ONE MOTOR-CYCLE AND THE STAFF CAR DROVE AWAY. THE OTHER MOTOR CYCLIST HAD AN APPOINTMENT INSIDE.

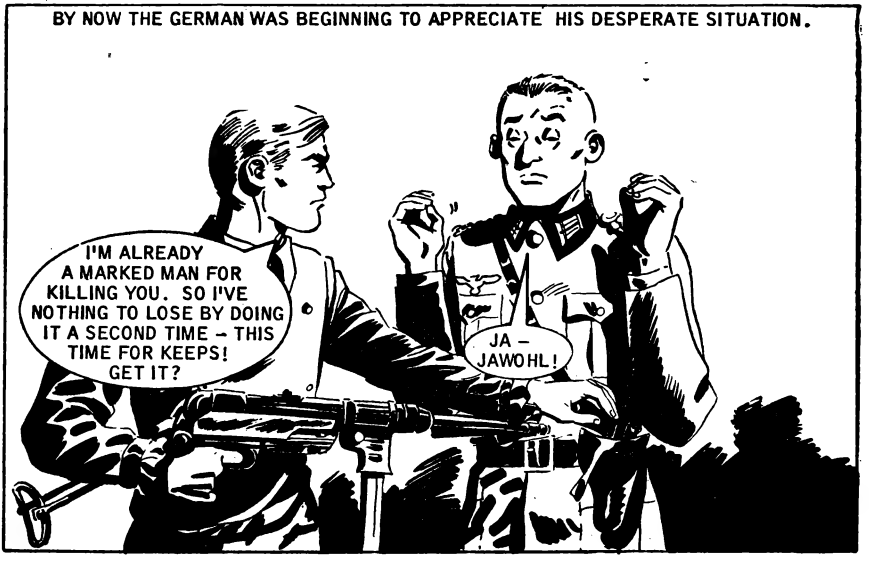
AND IN THE ROOM, THREE STARTLED MEN SUDDENLY HAD AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.


A SWEEP OF THE HAND STRIPPED OFF THE HELMET AND GOGGLES TO DISCLOSE THE SHOCK OF RED HAIR.
BY THE GODS! IT IS THE ENGLISHMAN, BURGESS!
SPOT ON! AND I'M UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH ANYWAY – SO BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY I'LL SHOOT TO KILL, AND NO MESSING ABOUT.


HE TURNED TO THE BURMESE.
YOU – YOU DIRTY LITTLE DOUBLE-DEALER! I'LL SHOW YOU I'M NOT FINISHED YET. YOUR JAP HAPPY FIRM MUST HAVE A MOTOR LAUNCH TUCKED AWAY, RIGHT?


THE BURMAN NEARLY CHOKED IN HIS HASTE TO ANSWER.
YES, YES. WE HAVE A MOTOR LAUNCH. IT IS IN ITS SHED AT WHARF.
GOOD. THEN ME, YOU AND THAT COCKY JERRY WILL SAIL HER TO CHITTAGONG, SAVVY?

FURIOUS, PAUSCH GRABBED FOR HIS LUGER, BUT THE OLDER MAN RESTRAINED HIM.
GOTT IN HIMMEL! THIS IS TOO MUCH –
GO STEADY, PAUSCH. STEADY –


BY NOW THE GERMAN WAS BEGINNING TO APPRECIATE HIS DESPERATE SITUATION.
I'M ALREADY A MARKED MAN FOR KILLING YOU. SO I'VE NOTHING TO LOSE BY DOING IT A SECOND TIME – THIS TIME FOR KEEPS! GET IT?
JA – JAWOHL!

HE FORCED THE OTHER TWO TO BIND AND GAG THE GERMAN COLONEL WITH TYPE-WRITER RIBBONS FROM A STORE CUPBOARD.

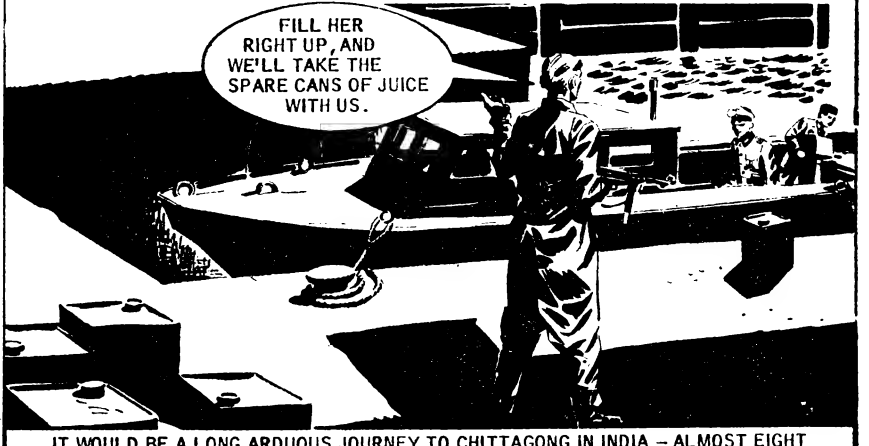
NOW DRAG HIM IN HERE. I WANT HIM KEPT QUIET UNTIL WE GET AWAY.

QUICKLY HE SNAPPED THE MAGAZINE OUT OF PAUSCH'S LUGER AND HANDED IT BACK TO HIM.

SHOVE IT BACK IN YOUR BELT. I WANT YOU TO ACT NATURAL ON OUR WAY TO THE WHARF. ONE WRONG MOVE AND YOU WILL BE THE FIRST TO FALL, GET IT?

IT WAS A TENSE, STRAINED JOURNEY THROUGH THE STREETS TO THE DOCK AREA, BUT THE TWO MEN IN FRONT KNEW THEY WOULD STAND NO CHANCE IF THEY TRIED TO RAISE THE ALARM.

THE FIRM'S MOTOR BOAT HAD NOT BEEN REQUISITIONED BY THE JAPS BECAUSE OF U BA SAW'S PRO-JAP SYMPATHIES. NOW RED WAS GOING TO MAKE USE OF IT.



IT WOULD BE A LONG ARDUOUS JOURNEY TO CHITTAGONG IN INDIA – ALMOST EIGHT HUNDRED MILES, A LESSER MAN WOULD NEVER HAVE CONSIDERED IT, BUT RED WAS DETERMINED TO CLEAR HIS NAME.

BLATANTLY THE MOTOR BOAT THREADED ITS WAY PAST NEWLY-ARRIVED JAP NAVAL UNITS IN THE HARBOUR.

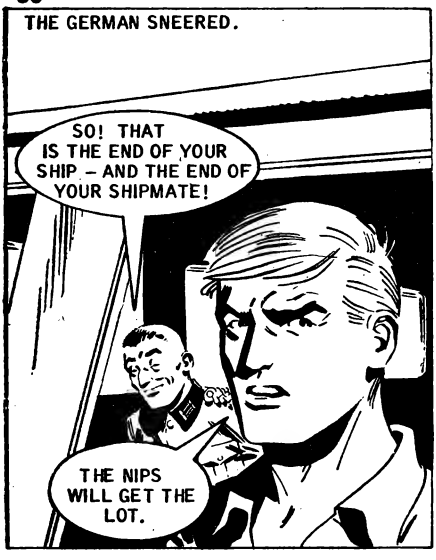
KEEP STEERING STEADILY UNTIL WE ARE CLEAR OF THE HARBOUR. THEN HEAD NORTH FOR CHITTAGONG.

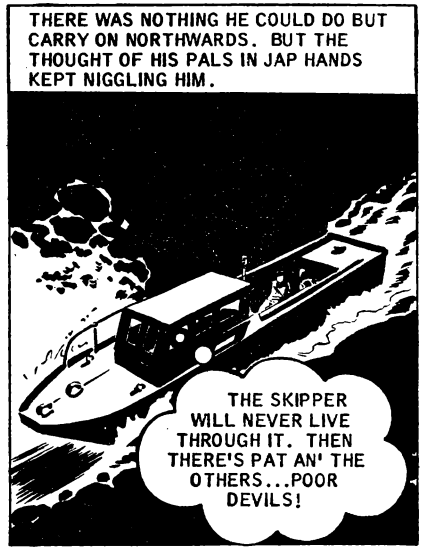
BY SUNSET THEY WERE WELL CLEAR OF THE COAST. RED HAD MADE HIS PRISONERS SAFE, BUT THEY COULD STILL TALK...AND DID.

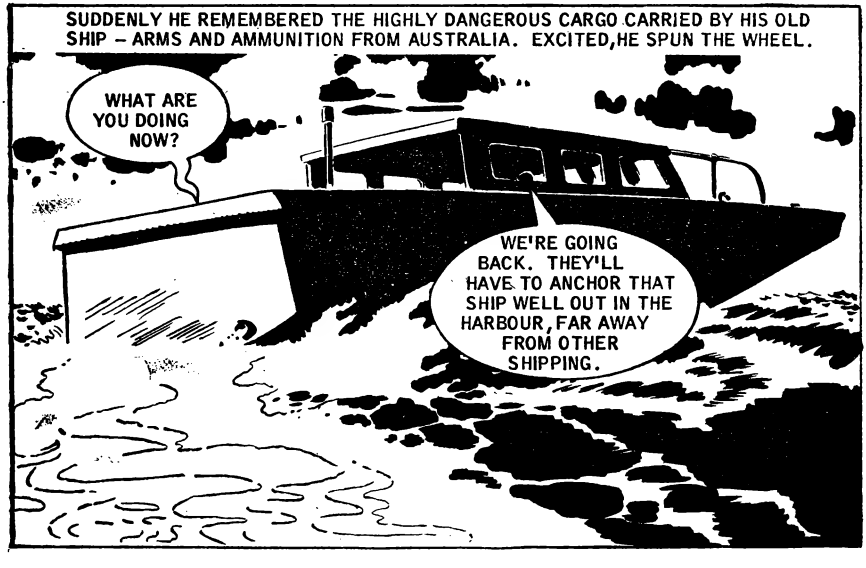
YOU STUPID FOOL! WHY SHOULD I TALK TO YOUR JAILERS? I AM A GERMAN OFFICER, AND YOU KILLED AN ENGLISHMAN NAMED WOODBRIDGE. NO ONE EXCEPT U BA SAW KNOWS YOU AND I FOUGHT AND HE WILL NOT TALK, EITHER.

RED SHOOK HIS HEAD.
YOU'RE FORGETTING MY PAL, PAT O'DONOVAN. HE'LL BE IN CHITTAGONG ON THE SHIP...THE OLD POLLY PERKINS. HE CAN IDENTIFY YOU, AND THAT'LL BE A START, SO PIPE DOWN.

BUT TEN MINUTES LATER, WITH SEVEN HUNDRED MILES TO GO TO CHITTAGONG, RED GASPED AS HE SAW HIS SHIP.
HOLY MACKEREL! THERE SHE IS! THE LOUSY JAPS HAVE NICKED HER. THEY'RE HEADING BACK TO RANGOON!


THE GERMAN SNEERED.
SO! THAT IS THE END OF YOUR SHIP – AND THE END OF YOUR SHIPMATE!
THE NIPS WILL GET THE LOT.

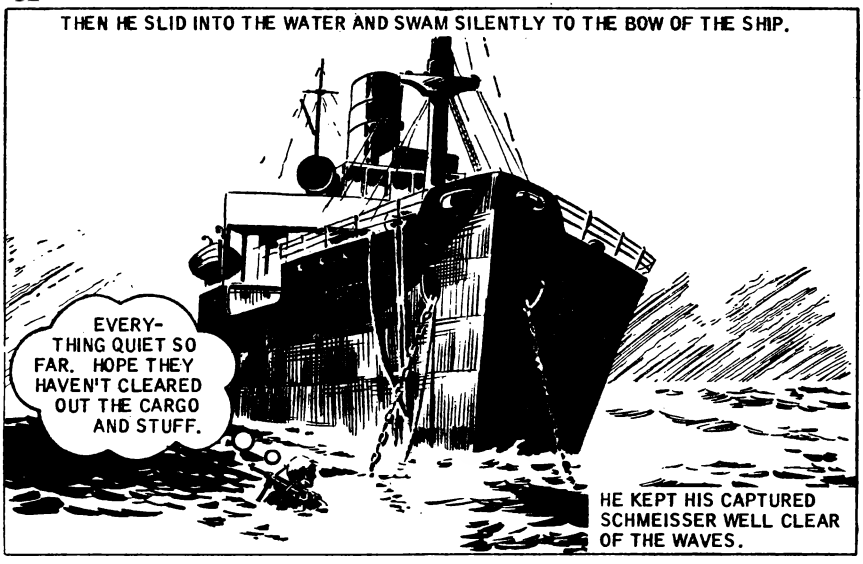

THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO BUT CARRY ON NORTHWARDS. BUT THE THOUGHT OF HIS PALS IN JAP HANDS KEPT NIGGLING HIM.
THE SKIPPER WILL NEVER LIVE THROUGH IT. THEN THERE'S PAT AN' THE OTHERS...POOR DEVILS!


SUDDENLY HE REMEMBERED THE HIGHLY DANGEROUS CARGO CARRIED BY HIS OLD SHIP – ARMS AND AMMUNITION FROM AUSTRALIA. EXCITED, HE SPUN THE WHEEL.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?
WE'RE GOING BACK. THEY'LL HAVE TO ANCHOR THAT SHIP WELL OUT IN THE HARBOUR, FAR AWAY FROM OTHER SHIPPING.

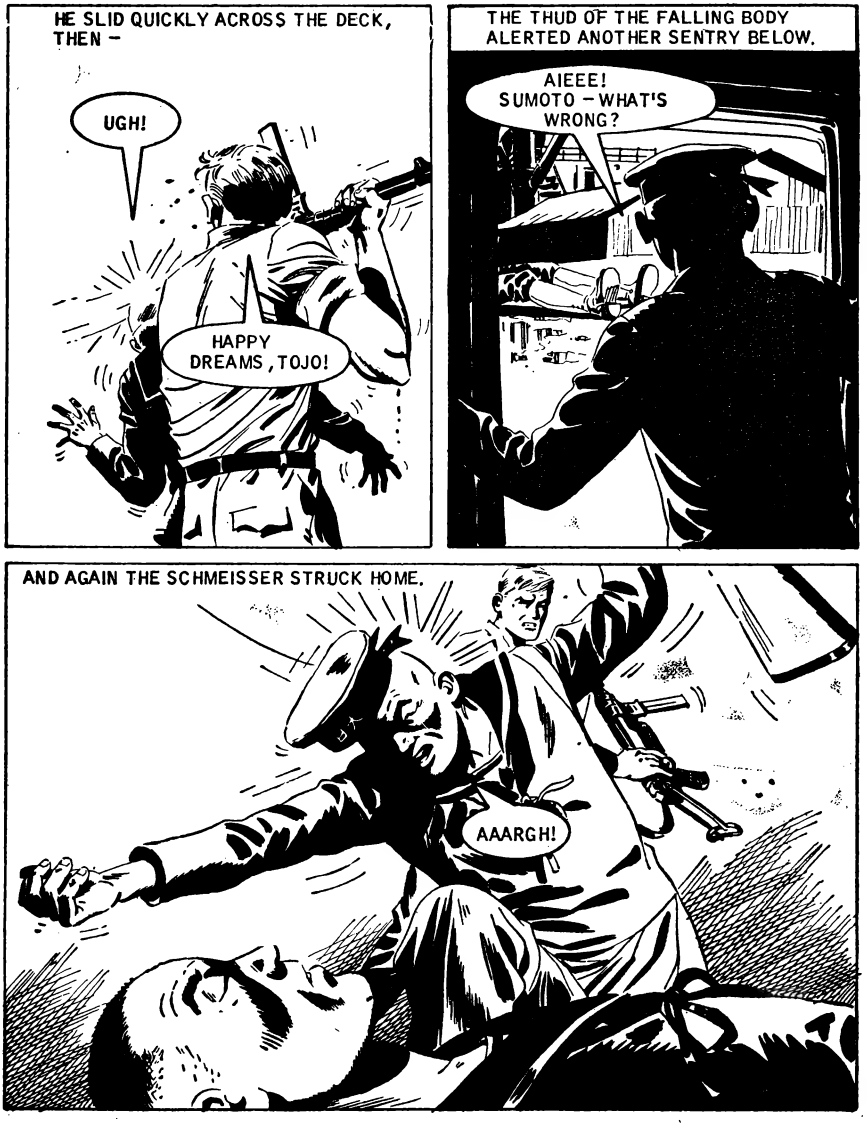
AS THE MOTOR BOAT CAME SLOWLY IN TOWARDS RANGOON HARBOUR, RED SPOTTED THE CARGO SHIP ANCHORED WELL OUTSIDE IT.

THE MOTOR BOAT EDGED IN CLOSER BEFORE ITS ENGINE WAS CUT. THEN AS IT DRIFTED CLOSER, RED GAGGED HIS TWO PRISONERS SECURELY.

HE QUIETLY DROPPED ANCHOR, LEAVING THE LAUNCH BOBBING ON THE SEAWARD SIDE OF THE POLLY PERKINS.

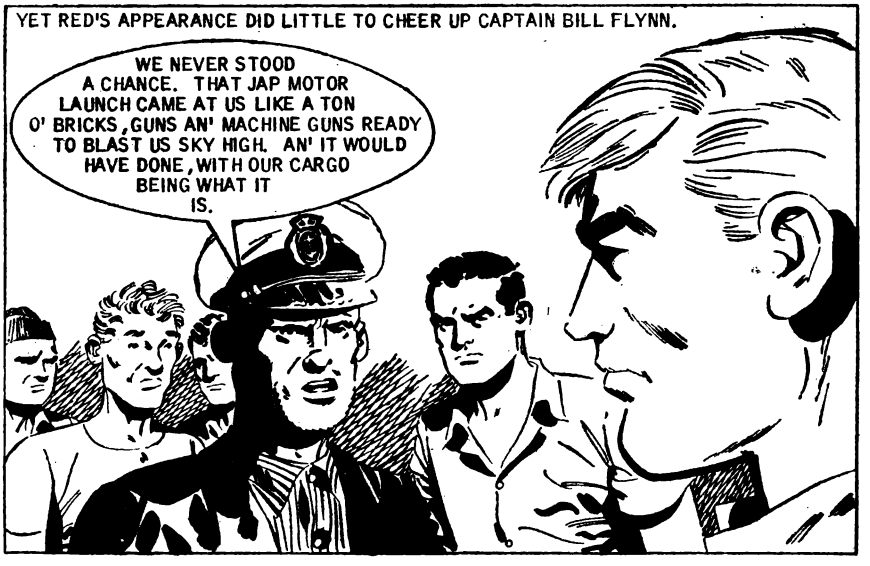

THEN HE SLID INTO THE WATER AND SWAM SILENTLY TO THE BOW OF THE SHIP.
EVERY-THING QUIET SO FAR. HOPE THEY HAVEN'T CLEARED OUT THE CARGO AND STUFF.
HE KEPT HIS CAPTURED SCHMEISSER WELL CLEAR OF THE WAVES.

ONCE ABOARD, HE SPOTTED A PATROLLING JAP SAILOR.
SENTRY! COULD BE MORE THAN ONE, SO I'LL HAVE TO PLAY IT SOFT...


HE SLID QUICKLY ACROSS THE DECK, THEN –
UGH!
HAPPY DREAMS, TOJO!
THE THUD OF THE FALLING BODY ALERTED ANOTHER SENTRY BELOW.
AIEEE! SUMOTO – WHAT'S WRONG?
AND AGAIN THE SCHMEISSER STRUCK HOME.
AAARGH!

A QUICK SEARCH REVEALED NO MORE OF THE ENEMY, BUT SOME DOORS WERE LOCKED. THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN YIELDED THE KEYS...

IN THE CROWDED FO'C'SLE, PAT O'DONOVAN COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES AS THE DOOR OPENED CAUTIOUSLY.


YET RED'S APPEARANCE DID LITTLE TO CHEER UP CAPTAIN BILL FLYNN.
WE NEVER STOOD A CHANCE. THAT JAP MOTOR LAUNCH CAME AT US LIKE A TON O' BRICKS, GUNS AN' MACHINE GUNS READY TO BLAST US SKY HIGH. AN' IT WOULD HAVE DONE, WITH OUR CARGO BEING WHAT IT IS.

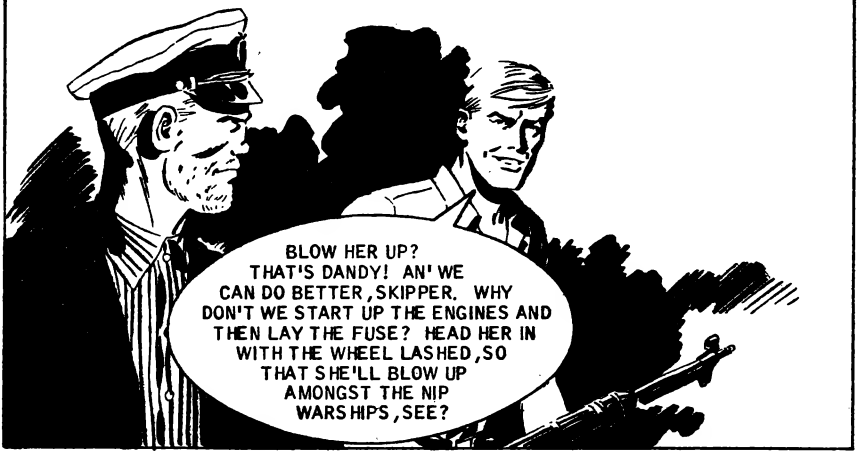
RED WAS THINKING FAST. IT WOULD BE A TIGHT FIT ON THE MOTOR BOAT, BUT THERE WAS NO ALTERNATIVE.
I'VE GOT A MOTOR BOAT NEAR BY. IT'LL BE LIKE GETTING SARDINES INTO A CAN, PUTTING ALL OF YOU ABOARD – BUT WE CAN TRY IT.
IT'LL NEVER WORK. WE'RE PROPERLY CLOBBERED, I TELL YOU.

RED RAPIDLY LOST PATIENCE WITH THE SKIPPER'S DEFEATIST ATTITUDE.

BUT AS THE CREW RACED UP THE DECK, THE CAPTAIN UNEXPECTEDLY CAME TO LIFE AGAIN.

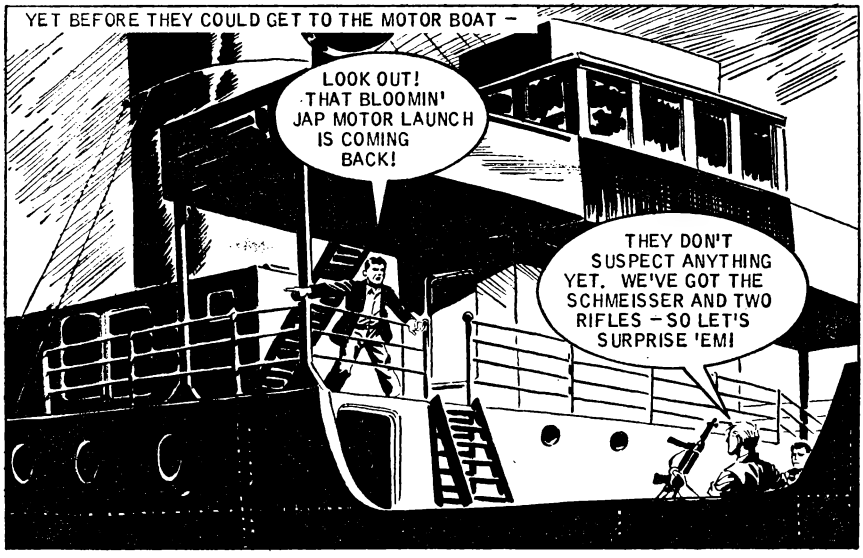
HOLD IT. I'LL BE COMING TOO. BUT AFORE WE GO, WE'VE GOT TO PREPARE TO BLOW HER UP. NO POINT IN LETTING THE JAPS HAVE THE CARGO. I'LL LAY A POWDER FUSE TO THE AMMO HOLD.

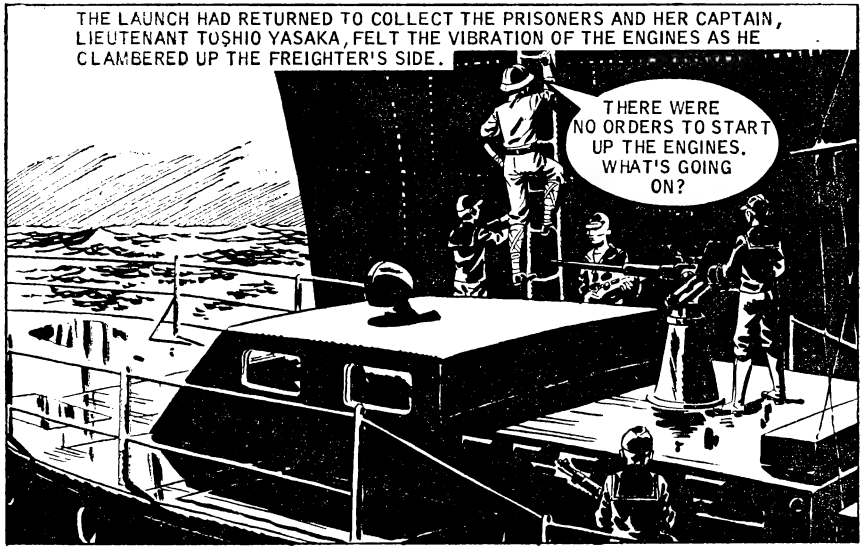
RED GRINNED – AND HAD ANOTHER SUGGESTION.


BLOW HER UP? THAT'S DANDY! AN' WE CAN DO BETTER, SKIPPER. WHY DON'T WE START UP THE ENGINES AND THEN LAY THE FUSE? HEAD HER IN WITH THE WHEEL LASHED, SO THAT SHE'LL BLOW UP AMONGST THE NIP WARSHIPS, SEE?

IT SEEMED A FANTASTIC IDEA – BUT THESE WERE FANTASTIC TIMES. PAT WAS EXCITED.

ONCE THE ENGINES WERE STARTED, FLYNN LAID HIS FUSE TO A BOX OF EXPLOSIVES IN THE MAIN HOLD.


YET BEFORE THEY COULD GET TO THE MOTOR BOAT –
LOOK OUT! THAT BLOOMIN' JAP MOTOR LAUNCH IS COMING BACK!
THEY DON'T SUSPECT ANYTHING YET. WE'VE GOT THE SCHMEISSER AND TWO RIFLES – SO LET'S SURPRISE 'EM!


THE LAUNCH HAD RETURNED TO COLLECT THE PRISONERS AND HER CAPTAIN, LIEUTENANT TOSHIO YASAKA, FELT THE VIBRATION OF THE ENGINES AS HE CLAMBERED UP THE FREIGHTER'S SIDE.
THERE WERE NO ORDERS TO START UP THE ENGINES. WHAT'S GOING ON?

FOR YASAKA, IT WAS TO BE THE END OF THE WAR. AS HE REACHED THE RAIL, PAT LUNGED WITH A RIFLE BUTT.
EUGH!

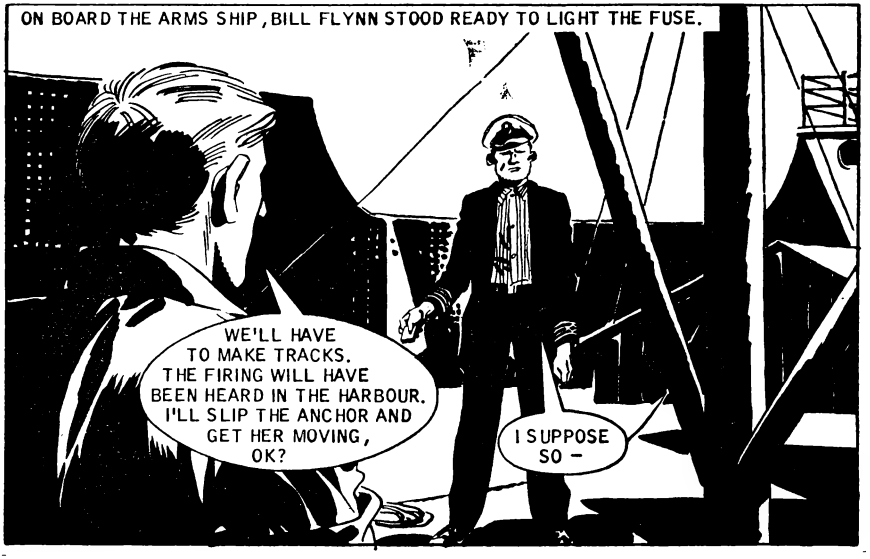
THE SCHMEISSER AND TWO JAP RIFLES WERE RAPIDLY BROUGHT INTO ACTION.
AAARGH!
AIEEE!

AND WHILE CHAOS REIGNED ON THE JAPS'BOAT, THE BRITISH SEAMEN SWARMED OVER ONTO HER DECKS IN THE STYLE REMINISCENT OF OLD NAVAL BATTLES.
GET 'EM BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING! COME ON, LADS!

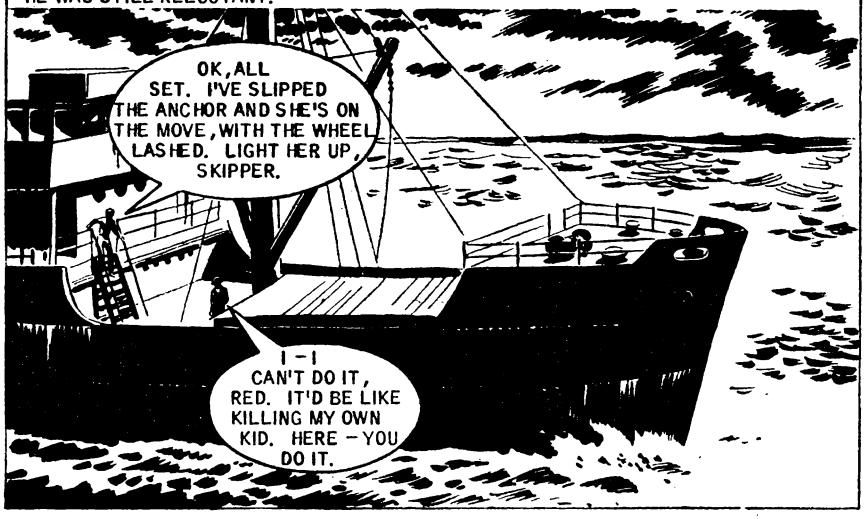
AND THE JAPS WERE NEVER TO RECOVER FROM THAT CONCERTED RUSH BY DESPERATE MEN WITH ALL AT STAKE.

RED TOOK OVER THE MACHINE GUN, AND THOUGH UNTRAINED IN THE WEAPON, HE COULD NOT MISS AT THAT SHORT RANGE.

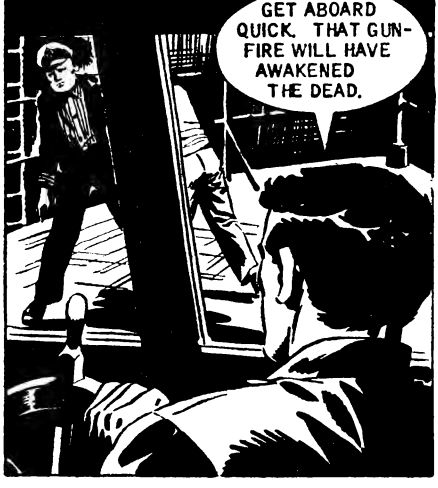
WHEN THE LAST OF THE JAP CREW HAD BEEN DEALT WITH –
SHE'S ALL OURS! TAKE OVER THE BRIDGE, PAT. I'M GOING TO GET THE OLD POLLY UNDER WAY.


ON BOARD THE ARMS SHIP, BILL FLYNN STOOD READY TO LIGHT THE FUSE.
WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE TRACKS. THE FIRING WILL HAVE BEEN HEARD IN THE HARBOUR. I'LL SLIP THE ANCHOR AND GET HER MOVING, OK?
I SUPPOSE SO –

FOR TEN YEARS BILL FLYNN HAD SKIPPERED THE POLLY PERKINS, HIS FIRST COMMAND. HE WAS STILL RELUCTANT.

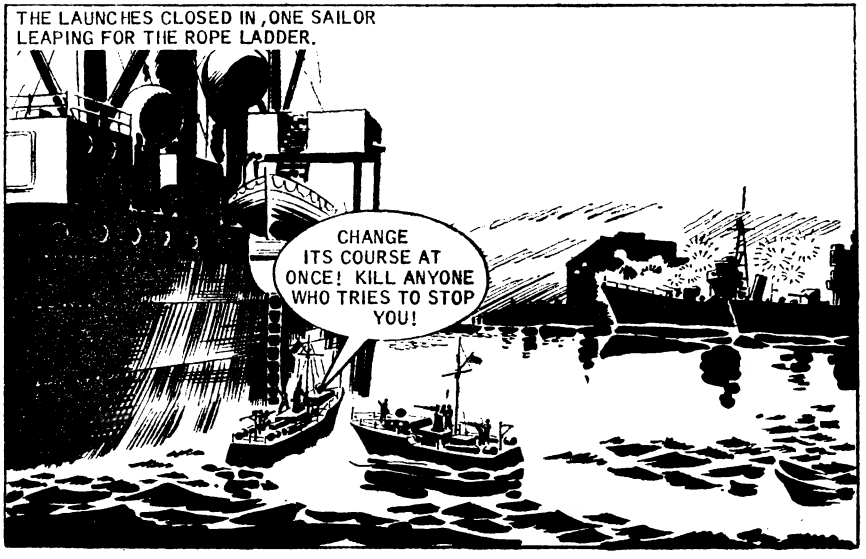

OK, ALL SET. I'VE SLIPPED THE ANCHOR AND SHE'S ON THE MOVE, WITH THE WHEEL LASHED. LIGHT HER UP, SKIPPER.
I - I CAN'T DO IT, RED. IT'D BE LIKE KILLING MY OWN KID. HERE - YOU DO IT.

PAT O'DONOVAN HAD GOT THE JAP LAUNCH MOVING AS FLYNN CLAMBERED DOWN THE LADDER.

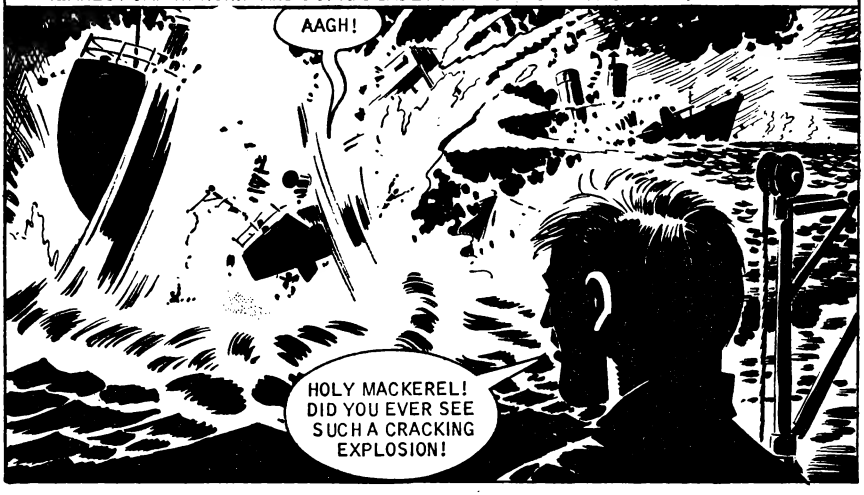


QUICKLY RED SET A MATCH TO THE FUSE.

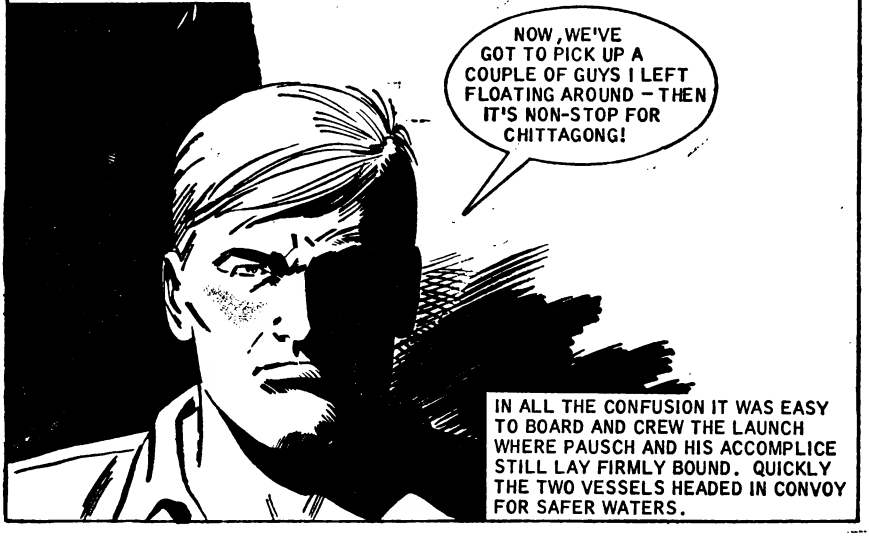
STEADILY THE OLD SHIP PLOUGHED ALONG ON ITS SET COURSE, LOOMING ALMOST MAJESTICALLY OUT OF THE BLACK NIGHT AS TWO PATROLLING JAP LAUNCHES APPEARED ON ORDERS TO INVESTIGATE THE GUN-FIRE.
IT IS THE CAPTURED ARMS SHIP. TRY TO GET ABOARD – IT IS A DANGEROUS VESSEL.


THE LAUNCHES CLOSED IN, ONE SAILOR LEAPING FOR THE ROPE LADDER.
CHANGE ITS COURSE AT ONCE! KILL ANYONE WHO TRIES TO STOP YOU!

THE JAP SAILOR WAS STILL TRYING TO FREE THE STEERING WHEEL WHEN THE FUSE RAN OUT, TAKING HIM AND ALL HIS COMRADES WITH IT, BREAKING THE BACK OF THE NEAREST JAP WARSHIP AND DOING DEADLY DAMAGE TO MANY OTHERS.



RED BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF.



IN ALL THE CONFUSION IT WAS EASY TO BOARD AND CREW THE LAUNCH WHERE PAUSCH AND HIS ACCOMPLICE STILL LAY FIRMLY BOUND. QUICKLY THE TWO VESSELS HEADED IN CONVOY FOR SAFER WATERS.

THERE WAS NO OBSTACLE LEFT NOW TO PREVENT HIM CLEARING HIS NAME OF THE INFAMOUS CHARGE. THE WORLD WOULD HEAR MORE OF RED BURGESS NOW.

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